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change from the confines of the sleeping car. The ride around the business part of the city on the special cars ended at Victoria college. A local committee consisting of Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Deputy Minister of Education, Prof. A. E. Lang, librarian of Victoria college, Prof. G. H. Needler, librarian of University of Toronto, with Dr. G. H. Locke as chairman, received the party at Victoria college, where a luncheon was served to 175 persons, the hosts of the occasion being the Education Department of the Province of Ontario and the Senate and Board of Governors of the Victoria college. The Hon. Dr. Pyne, minister of education, presided over the occasion and speeches were made on behalf of Victoria college by Hon. Justice MacLaren, on behalf of the Government by Chairman Dr. Locke and on behalf of the University by Prof. Alfred Baker. Each in turn expressed the appreciation of the ideas cherished by the A. L. A. and were most cordial in invitation to the association to hold a future meeting in Toronto. Response for the visitors was made by Dr. C. W. Andrews of the John Crerar library, Chicago, who complimented Ontario on the progress which had been made in library development and particularly the city of Toronto in its new work under the new librarian, Dr. Locke, whom Dr. Andrews claimed as a Chicagoan in view of the fact that he had been so valued a part of the faculty of the University of Chicago, at one time, for six years.

After the luncheon the new library at Victoria college was thrown open for inspection. Prof. Lang and his assistants were most courteous in showing the visitors through and displayed for their inspection some of the rare volumes and manuscripts, especially specimens of ancient papyri which are unique.

Later the Premier of the Province of Ontario, Sir James P. Whitney, received the librarians in the legislative chambers, Parliament Buildings, and made an address of welcome. From the Parliament Buildings the librarians visited the library of the University of Toronto, which

they found exceedingly interesting, and well up to date. Regret was felt by many at the absence of Mr. Langton of the library, who was in Europe in search of health. A most delightful occasion was the garden party in the university quadrangle tendered by the Board of Governors of the university. The ivy covered walls, the greensward, the perfect day, delightful company and the most cordial hospitality accompanying the refreshments left an impression of the greatest pleasure on all who were present. The large number of Toronto citizens who were present, the faculty with the members of their families, were most courteous in making the occasion one of great delight.

At six o'clock dinner was served by the public library Board in the art room of the reference library building. There were 229 at the dinner which deserved far greater consumption than the hospitality of the day had left room for, but "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" were much in evidence. The chairman of the occasion was the President of the public library Board, Mr. Turnbull. A most hearty address of welcome was made by Chief Librarian Locke and was responded to in kind by Mr. Legler of the Chicago public library. After dinner the building was thrown open for inspection and the visitors enjoyed greatly seeing the magnificent reading room as well as the other departments of the library. Of special interest was the J. Ross Robertson historical collection of 1,000 Canadian pictures, representing various phases of Canadian life from the earliest period.

It was a happy, if tired party that left on the special train at 10 p. m. for Ottawa with most grateful memories of cordial hospitality and pleasant company in the day spent in Toronto.

M. E. AHERN.

THE DAY AT MONTREAL

One's capacity for receiving bounteous acts of hospitality may be never so unconfined; one's pleasure in accepting

them may be never so untrammelled by thoughts of unworthiness or of the hopelessness of ever making an adequate return for all this charming thoughtfulness and lavish entertainment; yet there comes a time when one's vocabulary of appreciative acknowledgments merely and abjectly fails from overwork, and collapses with nothing more articulate than a gasp left to signify an impotent desire to do justice to the occasion. With many of the librarians this unhappy condition became acute in the course of the day at Montreal. Leaving Ottawa on Wednesday morning, July 3d, by special train, a goodly company—comprising the Post-Conference party, reenforced by numerous "trippers" whose return passage made Montreal the point of departure—was received, on arriving at the latter city, by a local committee, headed by the librarian of McGill University, and was promptly transferred to a long line of comfortable vehicles which were soon moving up town through the broad streets and past the stately buildings of Canada's largest city. To the traveller from the western plains the upward direction of the journey was especially noticeable and much sympathy and some solicitude was expressed for the stocky horses in their long pull through the warmth of the mid-day sun. But they plodded sturdily on, conscious of the pitiless grade of those rock-ribbed streets only as part of the day's work. And soon they came to the shady drives and beautiful banks of Mount Royal Park and so onward and upward to the summit, whence the unparalleled outlook over the city, the majestic St. Lawrence and the country beyond unrolled before the admiring eyes of the visitors. After an all too brief enjoyment of this superb spectacle, the party re-entered the waiting carriages and was quickly conveyed down hill and deposited on the beautiful campus of McGill University, where, to the accompaniment of noonday whistles and bells, luncheon was served under the trees. These Canadian garden affairs, how they impress the visitors from over the line!

The dignified beauty of the setting rendered complete by the invariably benevolent co-operation of the weather; the profusion and variety of appetizing and daintily served viands, and the unobtrusive yet efficient service—truly the stoutest jingo was led to exclaim with unfeigned heartiness: "They do these things so much better in Canada!" After luncheon a brief inspection was made of several of the college buildings, notably of the charming library, with its delightful reading room, which was visited by some in order to study its architecture or its administration, but by many more for the purpose of paying their respects to the official home of the librarian of the University, their cordial host and the ubiquitous chairman of the committee to whom the entertainment at Montreal was due. Mr. Gould won the hearts of his guests completely and earned their lasting gratitude and perpetual wonderment, the former through the generous hospitality he provided for them; the latter through the calm, simple, self-effacing yet all pervading way in which he dominated the situation and acquitted himself of his arduous task. And still there was more to come, for on reassembling on the lawn the visitors found a long and inviting line of motor cars in waiting, and in these a tour of the city was made, ending at the pretty new public library in the suburb of Westmount, where they met with a pleasant welcome by Miss Saxe, the librarian, and—with more refreshments! From here the guests dispersed and made their way back to town in small groups at their own convenience. An invitation from the White Star Line to join in the festivities on the new steamship *Megantic* to mark its impending maiden voyage, attracted some of the librarians during the evening. The Post-Conference party reassembled on board the steamer *Saguenay* and left for its pleasure trip at nine o'clock, while the others went each his own way, some homeward, some by circuitous routes prolonging their holiday, but all with regret that the delightful Canadian days had come to an end, and

with deep gratitude and appreciation of the cordial hospitality and gracious good-fellowship of their Canadian brethren and indefatigable hosts.

C. B. RODEN.

POST CONFERENCE TRIP

"Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticism,

Strong and content, I travel the open road."

So the librarians assembled aboard the "Saguenay." The day in Montreal had been a full and pleasant one and its evening found the post-conference party tired but tranquilly expectant of the joys the boat's departure was to bring. To this some excitement was lent by the dash on board, just as the gangplank was going in, of the New Jersey Library Commission contingent who had lingered too long at the reception tendered the A. L. A. on the White Star liner "Megantic." Many friendly farewells were waved by the A. L. A. members whose official travels ended at Montreal. As the boat started for Quebec, deck chairs were soon filled by those who wished to watch the noble sweep of the river and the graceful skyline of the city with its myriads of lights.

During the short stop at Quebec the next morning only a few strenuous ones ventured ashore. The majority were content with the splendid view of the city with its frowning precipice crowned by the Citadel and the graceful pile of the Chateau Frontenac, below which were spread the picturesque roofs of the Lower Town. It was the Fourth of July and after the flags flourished by the patriotic members of the party had been duly saluted, everyone settled down to the calm enjoyment of a safe and sane fourth. The boat glided past the falls of Montmorency, the lovely Isle of Orleans, the wooded shores of the river where in one place forest fires raged, showing a thin tongue of flame under a hovering cloud of smoke, and on from the stately grandeur of the St. Lawrence to the wild beauty of the Saguenay. It was here that the real business of travel began. Baedekers made their unblushing appearance, most of them

bearing on their backs the mystic symbols 917.1. The maps and guidebooks provided by the company were studied while the really "litry" were turning the pages of "A chance acquaintance" or "The golden dog."

At half past six, a landing was made at L'Anse St. Jean but word was given that the real village was some distance beyond, a nice watch—from British standards! A gay start was made but the muddiness of the road and the "recedingness" of the village combined with the ravages of the black fly, which Van Dyke has truly said is "at the bottom of the moral scale of insects," caused even the most valiant to turn back. There were a few who with true Yankee enterprise chartered the only vehicles in sight and came back with glowing tales of the quaintness and charm of the village, but for the majority, it must remain the fair Carcassonne of dreams.

The great Capes of Trinity and Eternity, towering up through the gloom, were passed after nightfall. A searchlight thrown on them from the boat brought out their craggy inaccessibility and made weirdly impressive the statue of the Virgin on one of the terraces of Trinity. At Ha Ha Bay few were up in time for exploring but the view of the charming Bay was to be had from the deck or even from conveniently located staterooms. It had been suggested that here opportunity would be given anglers to make the acquaintance of the "unsophisticated fish" of the region, but if any wonderful catches were made, no stories of them floated to the ears of the feminine contingent. Turning back from here the boat passed through the most striking part of the journey, stopping for some time around the capes of Trinity and Eternity. To attempt to describe the scenic beauties of the trip would be to attempt what was admirably done by the chronicler of the post conference of 1900 (see Proceedings A. L. A. 1900, pp. 174-182.) The pleasing pastime of trying to hit the sides of the capes with rocks thrown from the boat was indulged in by a few of the passengers. Howells tells us that his uninspired hero actually did it. And that was forty years ago!